SOME NEW BOOKS.

The Greatest of Heart Stormers.

The sentiment expressed in Sheridan's play, that conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics, is abundantly illustrated in what is set forth in Mr. H. NOEL WILLIAMS's very explicit work *The Fascinating Duc de Richelieu* (Charles Scribner's Sons). This Duke, who at the age of 81 was still so fascinating that the pretty widow whom he then married was sincerely attached to him and quite earnest in her efforts to keep his feet in the straight path, was born on March 16, 1696. He was Louis François Armand de Vignerot du Plessis, Duc de Fronsac, only son of Armand Jean de Vignerot, who was the great-nephew and heir of the great Cardinal Richelieu.

As a child the little Duke was delicate in health but not in some other respects. Before he was quite 16 he became a courtier and immediately began to make love to the ladies. His father, who was a good deal disquieted by these precocious manifestations, decided that he must have a wife. Accordingly on February 12, 1711, notwithstanding that he still lacked something more than a month of being 15 years old, he was married to Anne Catherine de Noailles, Mlle. de Sausac, who was "well made, sensible and a very great heiress" but not very good looking. The boy was indignant. He treated his wife with "withering disdain" and flirted hard. Conceiving the idea that the Duchesse de Bourgogne entertained a serious affection for him, he committed an indiscretion of which the historian Rulhière gave a succinct account. "One day," says Rulhière, "being in attendance at the Duchesse de Bourgogne's toilet, at the moment when the men had to withdraw he concealed himself behind a screen and was unable to resist the temptation to raise his head above it in order to show her the excess of his love and his temerity. She on the spur of the moment gave a shriek. Fronsac was perceived by all the women; they all swore to him to keep the secret and they all blurted it out, without any desire to injure him but through fear of being forestalled, each of them wishing to be the first to give information about this little episode. The King heard about it and believed that it behooved him to punish this audacity on account of the consequences which it might entail. He sent him to the Bastille."

He was made pretty comfortable in the Bastille; he had a room to himself, and a valet; he was allowed to take exercise in the courtyard, and his meals were served from the Governor's table. His intellectual and moral parts were not neglected; an abbé of great piety and learning visited him every day, and he also received regular instruction from masters in mathematics and the languages. He did not like it, but he pretended to. He thought that it would be to his advantage to put a cheerful face upon the matter; accordingly when his father came to see him he said that the Bastille pleased him amazingly and that he should be really sorry to leave it. Unhappily for the dissembler, his father took him at his word and let him remain there for more than twelve months. In the course of his confinement he had the smallpox, but he got over it very well, suffering no disfigurement.

When he got out he went away to the wars. At the storming of Freiburg he was struck on the forehead by a stone thrown from the ramparts, an injury that scarred him for life. At 19, on the death of his father, he became the Duc de Richelieu. It was at this time that Louise Anne de Bourbon, Mlle. de Charolais, became his mistress. Of this lady of royal blood, then in her twenty-first year, Rulhière recorded: "The charms of her countenance surpassed all that the painters have been able to conceive; nothing was so beautiful as her eyes, nothing so seducing as her mind. As she was the model of beauty she was that of fashion. All the women wished to be *coiffée* and dressed as she was; but the more they sought to imitate her the less they succeeded in being compared with her." The bold felicity of the pair suffered a brief interruption soon after its beginning. The Comte de Gacé's wife bore a shocking reputation. At one of her entertainments, according to report, things were done that were worthy of the times of Heliogabalus, and the lady herself was the chief offender. Richelieu was one of the guests. He was never celebrated for holding his tongue, and it is possible that Gacé was justified in thinking that he had made public what he had seen. The indignant husband took a deliberate revenge. He hired one of the gutter poets of Paris to write a biting epigram against Richelieu, and armed with this he sought his victim at a masked ball at the Opéra. Richelieu, making love to a Venetian domino (presumably Mlle. de Charolais) in a secluded corner, was approached by Gacé, who read his epigram in a loud, distinct voice, and then turning to the lady said: "Beautiful princess, do not listen to a mask so perfidious in love; he will reveal everything." The duel was fought immediately. The angry pair went out and seeking the Rue Saint Thomas du Louvre, a quiet street, stripped to their shirts and drew.

This account says: "It must have been a singular spectacle, that midnight duel. The narrow, dimly lit street, with its old gabled houses, the frightened faces of women peering from the windows, the throng of worthy citizens in their nightcaps and dressing gowns hanging breathlessly on every thrust, and in the centre these two young men, bearers of two of the most honored names in France, with their tense faces and burning eyes, each intent on the death or mutilation of the other. Ever and anon, as if by common consent, they paused to take breath, and the bystanders whispered together and agreed that such a flagrant violation of the law was a disgrace to Paris and that it was plainly some one's duty to put a stop to it. But no one seemed at all inclined to undertake the responsibility, and so once again came the grinding of steel against steel and the stamp of high heeled shoes upon the slippery cobbles, and the wicked little swords flicked hither and thither quicker than the bewildered eye could follow them." Richelieu inflicted three slight wounds upon his adversary before the latter ran him clean through the body; at that the young Duke fell fainting and was carried off to his hotel, and both duellists later were sent to the Bastille. They were kept there for five and a half months, but Richelieu had consolation, for Mlle. de Charolais visited him repeatedly in disguise.

Soon after he was liberated his wife died of the smallpox. Their marriage had never been anything more than a formality, "and it was jocularly remarked that the Duke was the husband of every wife but his own." She on her part did not break her heart over the matter; she was a woman of philosophical spirit, this account says, who "appears to have found ample compensation for the loss of her conjugal rights in the society of her husband's equerry, a handsome youth of an old but impoverished family who was as devoted as his master was indifferent." On the death of his wife Richelieu and Mlle. de Charolais were extremely eager to marry each other, but her family would never permit it. The pair continued very openly to be lovers. Richelieu was not faithful to her—not exclusively faithful. She knew that she had rivals, but seems to have been satisfied that she alone possessed his heart.

Mlle. de Valois, the fourth daughter of the Regent, came to be in love with Richelieu. Madame, the Regent's mother, did not approve of this young lady. She wrote: "When she was very young I hoped that Mlle. de Valois would be pretty, but I have been much deceived. She has acquired a great aquiline nose, which has spoiled her. She had formerly the prettiest nose in the world. The cause of this misfortune is that she has been allowed to take snuff." At another time madame wrote: "Mlle. Valois is a brunette; she has very beautiful eyes, but her nose is villainous and too big. In my opinion she is not beautiful. There are, however, days when she is not ugly, for she has a fine complexion and a beautiful skin. When she laughs a long tooth in her upper jaw produces a vile effect. Her figure is short and ugly, her head sunk in her shoulders, and what is worse, in my judgment, is the lack of grace that she shows in everything she does; she walks like a woman 80 years old. I have by no means a good opinion of her, and I do not pray for her preservation. She has no good instincts; she cares nothing at all about her mother and very little about her father; she detests me more than the devil; she is deceitful, untruthful and horribly coquettish; in short, she will give us all cause for mortification. I wish she were already married and far away from here; and I should like her to be married to a foreign prince so that one might hear no more about her." There is a portrait of her by Pierre Gobert which quite contradicts madame. Of course a painter would do the best possible by a princess, but her nose here is pleasing and she has lovely eyebrows, neck, arms and shoulders; the long tooth does not appear.

One night, if report is to be believed, Richelieu, playing cards at Saint-Cloud, sought Mlle. de Valois's feet under the table, and having found them, as he supposed, pressed them very tenderly between his own, at the same time directing glances of intelligence toward the Regent's enamored daughter. But really they were Mlle. de Charolais's feet, and the mortification of that beauty may be guessed, for, of course she could not help perceiving that those surreptitious caresses, though bestowed upon her, were intended for another. We think it likely furthermore that Mlle. de Valois was disappointed and that she wondered, while watching Richelieu's affectionately communicative eyes, why he did not squeeze her feet as usual.

The number of the Duke's gallantries soon came to be remarkable. Madame wrote in 1719, when he was at the age of 23: "If I believed in sorcery I should say that this Duke must possess some supernatural secret, for he has never found a woman who has opposed to him the least resistance; all run after him; it is truly shameful. He is not, after all, more handsome than other men, and he is so indiscreet and fond of babbling that he has himself declared that if an Empress beautiful as an angel were enamored of him and wished to pass the night with him on condition that he should say nothing about it he should prefer to forsake her and never see her again so long as he lived. He is a great poltroon, very insolent, without heart and without soul; it revolts me to think that he is the pet of all the ladies."

This author thinks it probable that the "supernatural secret" possessed by Richelieu is discovered by Lescure in his account of the mistresses of Philippe d'Orléans. Lescure says that the secret consisted in the device of wondering at nothing—this "not in the philosophical sense of the expression dear to the sage, but in the cynical sense." Says Lescure: "Richelieu did not beat any woman, but he compromised them all. He also was surprised at nothing, and that is why he triumphed. He was systematically indiscreet, calculatingly garrulous, and that is why every day some noble unfortunate, attacked by that vertigo which seizes upon the woman in the presence of every man cleverer than herself, solicited of him the honor of being dishonored. Shocking to say, more than one woman surrendered herself, not from the intoxication of passion but from the intoxication of pride. More than one woman ruined herself in order to be ruined by him and to hear it talked about. It was, as it were, a competition of scandal, a joust of immodesty. For the first time people blushed for virtue. Richelieu did but too much to encourage this vanity singular and depraved. He possessed the great secret of his time, the most corrupt that ever existed. He made extensive use of it. In two words do you wish to know why he was adored by all women? It is that he despised them all." Perhaps, but they went from him to others and from others to him. They did not end with him or end themselves for him. His secret seems to have been widely shared.

Two ladies fought a duel for Richelieu. One of them, who received a slight wound and felt the glory of it, called him the eldest son of Venus and Mars. When he was sent to the Bastille for the third time Mlle. Valois and Mlle. Charolais went together to visit him. There is an affecting picture of the scene. The two are weeping, dabbing their streaming eyes with pocket handkerchiefs. The Duke reposes in a forlorn and poetic attitude on a pallet of straw. A great chain hangs from the dungeon wall behind him. The picture is quite misleading, for he really had a comfortable room upstairs. Madame's observations are always vigorous and interesting. We find her writing in regard to this third incarceration of Richelieu: "My son has caused him to be arrested in his bed and taken immediately to the Bastille. This Duke will cause many tears to flow in Paris, for all the ladies are in love with him; I do not understand why, for he is a little toad in whom I find nothing agreeable." She says that the human race makes her shudder. We should think it might, as it was exhibited to her. She further writes: "The disorderly and foolish life in Paris becomes each day more detestable and more horrible; every time that it thunders I tremble for this town. Three women of quality have committed things truly frightful. They followed to Paris the Turkish Ambassador, lured away his son, made him beautifully drunk and passed two days with the long bearded rogue in the labyrinth [of Versailles]. I believe that no Capuchin monk would be safe with these ladies. This will give Constantinople a fine idea of Christian women and ladies of quality." One of these ladies was the duellist who called Richelieu the eldest son of Venus and Mars. It does not seem as though any great magic was required to summon such devotees.

The book recites a great number of Richelieu's adventures in love and war. It recites also the gallantries of the Regent and of Louis XV. It tells how the "favorites" were secured, and how Richelieu helped to secure them. It tells of his magnificence when he was Ambassador to Vienna and of his military successes at Genoa, at Fontenoy and in the Island of Minorca. He was not always a great General, though he became a Marshal. His three marriages and his four duels are described. Madame was mistaken when she said that he was not brave, but she was correct in a great deal that she said of him. There were at least two women whom he did not bewilder—Mme. Cramer in Switzerland, when he visited Voltaire, and Mme. de Saint-Vincent, who bamboozled him and almost cost him his fortune. But it is true that at the time when he encountered those ladies he had come to be pretty old.

A History With a Purpose.

When a soldier takes to reviewing the battles in which he has been engaged it is not uncommon for him to speak with approbation of his own part in them. This need not be reprehensible, and happily for the reader who desires to be entertained Mr. F. HUGH O'DONNELL in his vivacious and considerable work *The History of the Irish Parliamentary Party* (Longmans, Green and Company) has not lost himself in an excessive modesty. These two handsomely produced volumes, comprising one thousand broad and easily legible pages, are really not so much a history as an expression of fervid opinion. Charles Stewart Parnell is particularly the object of this opinion and it must be said that in his consideration of Parnell the author of this history has diligently and with great energy rubbed it in.

How much that was initiative did Mr. Parnell contribute to the Home Rule movement and who originated the policy of obstruction, or as it is called here the "active" policy, in which the Irish members of Parliament for some time and quite effectively engaged? We find Mr. O'Donnell declaring that he has been unable to discover that Parnell during the session of 1876 evinced the slightest trace of originality in obstruction or in anything else. "Contrary to all the fiction about a sudden genius imposing his novel ideas on the practice of Parliament, Mr. C. S. Parnell was for two years a routine member of the Irish party," and he was nothing more.

It is curious about these fairy tales concerning the origin of the Irish obstruction of Parliament. Mr. O'Donnell invented it. He says at page 182 of his first volume: "I founded the policy. I trained its first exponents. When Mr. Parnell became my runaway apprentice I had taught him every detail of the trade which he spoiled. Pauvre ingrat! Pauvre Roi de Carton!" Mr. O'Donnell was a leader writer for the *Morning Post* among other publications; that is why he speaks of the famous policy as issuing "like Pallas Athene fully armed from the leader writer rooms of the *Morning Post*." Really, however, it was in his chambers at 8 Sergeants' Inn that he instructed his apprentices, Messrs. Parnell and Biggar, in the art of obstructing the legislative business of the British Empire. For six years those chambers were the headquarters of the policy. "Biggar and Parnell came there by Underground from the House or by omnibus roof from elsewhere, as from Parnell's cheap lodging at 16 Keppel street, off Gower street."

There were other visitors. Particularly: "Thither came, tall, gaunt and worn, Michael Davitt, with the Socialist's dream in his eyes and unappeasable wrath against the existence of feudalism, or what he called so, in his stubborn mind and tameless heart." It is a vigorous sketch that the author gives of Davitt. Part of it goes: "An infant in Ireland, but an English trained man and workman, copiously ill read and uneducated by the Mechanics' Institute, inspired by the hot wine of Fenianism, a finer instrument of cosmopolitan discontent has never been draped in a tattered copy of the uniform of Robert Emmet. It was only natural that Parnell detested him and that Davitt always had his knife at Parnell's back. An amiable enthusiast full of kindly and harmless ways; he always went to 'The Comic Crusaders' or 'The Merry Widow' when he came to London, he told me a couple of months before his death. Generally speaking, a truth loving man. As fit to counsel statesmanlike patriotism as a blind fiddler to manœuvre the Channel fleet." President Krueger of South Africa also visited Sergeants' Inn. Afterward he sent the author £100 in an ebony and silver box. The author intimates that he spent the money in paying his tailor.

With Biggar and Parnell in training, Mr. O'Donnell tells us, he had two indispensable workers in the execution of the new policy. Biggar gets more praise than the other apprentice. He "understood what could be done sooner than Parnell; but his crookback could never hope to lead in Irish eyes the chivalric figure of the handsome master of insolvent Avondale. Yet Crookback was the better Irishman." The author says that he has had the handling of many men in the course of a long political life, but never better material for the work in hand than Biggar and Parnell.

But there was a great difference between this useful pair and the author. Mr. O'Donnell leaves us in no doubt of this. He says: "Any patriotic ham and bacon merchant could discuss Greece and Rome, the French Salon or the British Academy, the Renaissance and the Revolution, the tragic muse of Dante or the voix d'or of Sarah Bernhardt quite as delicately and as eruditely as the excellent Biggar; and Parnell's accomplishments were not one whit less than the solid tastes of Mr. Biggar. I lived on the contrary with the finest intellectual flower of three capitals. In the editorial room of the *Spectator* there came, besides R. H. Hutton himself and Meredith Townsend, Walter Bagehot, Sir Walter Griffen, as he is now; the lights of the philosophical societies, Mr. George Hooper, the eminent historian of famous campaigns; literary critics, distinguished economists. And there were other literary saloons and other intellects—Cardinal Manning, Father Dalgairns, G. E. Ranken. I was the colleague of dozens of the Catholic writers and scholars of France and Belgium. What on earth, outside of the policy, had I to do with an unlettered squireling and a rugged provincial tradesman? Why should they open their fat or exiguous purses to me? What was Hecuba to them or they to Hecuba? I wanted apprentices. They wanted constant instruction and guidance." The author adds that in 1877, when he was in Parliament and wielding the "policy" from that immediate vantage ground, he found it difficult to refrain from open laughter at the noble army of two, a ham and bacon provider and a rusticated undergraduate of Cambridge, that he was leading against the British Constitution.

Disraeli made fun of Home Rule. When it was being debated in 1874 by Isaac Butt, who was the father of the idea, Disraeli said that the Irish had a strange passion for calling themselves a conquered people. He failed to perceive, he went on, when or where they had been conquered. It might be urged that they had been conquered by Cromwell. What of that? Had not Cromwell previously conquered England? Why should his eloquent and imaginative friends the Irish try to extract a peculiar grievance out of a common misfortune? England had completely recovered from Marston Moor. If Ireland had suffered a Marston Moor why continue to deplore it? Mr. O'Donnell replies to this and adds an anecdote. He once saved Mr. Disraeli, he relates, from being jostled in the House of Commons. Disraeli was grateful and sent Mr. Montague Corry to thank him. Mr. O'Donnell in his narration conceals nothing. He says: "I had first been violently jostled myself before I saw who was my neighbor. I was a very powerful athlete, and I squared my shoulders and elbows first to save myself and then, as I observed Mr. Disraeli's alarm, I pushed very vigorously to keep off pressure from the frail commanding figure; but it was Sir John Astley who really thrust aside the moblike crowd. I was quite unaware that Mr. Disraeli had recognized me till I received a message to see Montague Corry in the lobby. Mr. Corry was afterward made Lord Rowton by his patron and friend. Friend and acquaintance agreed that he was a man of singular brilliancy and charm. In war or peace I must admit that I always found English statesmen and their intimates the pink of courtesy, fairness and considerateness."

Lord John Manners was one of the statesmen whom Mr. O'Donnell found charming. The author was repeatedly at pains to let him see that there were some Irish Irreconcilables who entertained for him only the kindest respect, and Lord John understood. Long afterward, when the author had been twenty years out of Parliament, he went to a meeting at which Lord John, then the Duke of Rutland, presided. He relates: "I again saw Lord John, now Duke of Rutland, and putting myself in his way as he came out supported or linked by a couple of gentlemen the courteous old veteran recognized me at once and spoke some kindly words, and I had the opportunity to repeat the ancient tale of my respect and esteem. The gallant Young Englander was a gallant Old Englander now with his old fashioned stateliness and his chivalric courtesy that came from a noble heart. A few months later he was dead and I knelt and prayed for the eternal repose of a great soul."

In the business of obstructing Parliament Mr. Biggar had once to fill a long half hour in talking against a proposition to consider the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin's thrashing machines bill. It was hard work, but when it seemed as though the Belfast obstruction must surely fail by the way he raised his drooping head under the spur of a beautiful inspiration and said: "Mr. Speaker, sur, I may be blamed for bein' too conservative, but when all this fuss is made about threshin' machines I ask myself and I ask the House, What can honestly be said against the good old flail?" It is said here that at that touch of genius the whole House burst into uproarious mirth and the Speaker rocked in ecstasy upon his chair. The half hour was successfully used up, and as Mr. Biggar sank into a state of needed repose he wore the rapt look that men assume when they really feel that they have not lived in vain. As for Mr. Chaplin, the author says that as he strode out of the House he looked "as if the entire canonical collection of formularies of anathema would have totally failed to coequate the magnitude of his emotion."

There is much strong language here regarding Parnell. He is reproached for ingratitude toward Butt. The book speaks of the "brutal deposition" of Butt by Parnell. And when the closure was put into operation what did Parnell amount to? Where then was "the tremendous, the terrific, the critical and denunciatory Bobadillo of Avondale? Skulking in disguise round Captain O'Shea's villa at Eltham." This Parnell! In a speech at Manchester he asked why the English Church in Ireland had been disestablished and disendowed, and he answered, "Because there was an explosion at Clerkenwell and there was a lock shot off a prison van at Manchester." This was language that was an incitement to violence. But he did not mean it. "When the Invincibles reddened their damnable knives Parnell ran to publish a solemn protest of his peaceableness and abhorrence." He never meant to be anything but a Parliamentarian. If after that Manchester speech the House of Commons had laid him and Biggar and the author of this book by the heels in the Tower and expelled them under a perpetual disqualification "it would not only have acted as any legislature in Europe might act but would have quashed the active policy along with the active politicians. Once off the floor of the House there would not have been a kick in the tremendous Charles Stewart Parnell." He did not know how to speak properly against the annexation of the Transvaal. How should he? For his was "a wholly uninformed and uneducated intelligence which made cultivated references to anything outside the commonplaces of Irish agitation almost an impossibility, and in fact when coupled with his incorrigible hatred of study an absolute impossibility. He remained to the last the rusticated undergraduate."

There is plenty more, but we must restrict ourselves to a little. When Parnell superseded Isaac Butt as chief of the Home Rule League "the ingrate crime was accomplished." It was reported by an observer: "There was no mistaking Butt's feelings. He felt the blow keenly. There was no blinking the fact; he was greatly pained. He turned around. His eyes were filled with tears as he said in the most touching way, 'Ah! I never thought the Irish in England would do this to me.'" Mr. O'Donnell says here: "Was ever meaner reward or more brutal ingratitude than this? And remember. This venerable statesman and patriot, scholar, historian, economist, university professor, great lawyer, winning and eloquent advocate, who had been a luminary of Irish conservatism, who had defended the Young Ireland prisoners of 1848, who had defended the Fenian prisoners of 1865 and 1867, who had made and led the revival of self-government, this Irish Deak and Cavour, standing white haired on the brink of the grave, was hustled out of his honors by whom? By a rusticated undergraduate, an insolvent young squire, without a profession or an education, who had been brought into public life by Butt, who had not tried even obstruction for twelve months, who owed to others the whole of his knowledge of politics and Parliament (and that was not much), who had literally done nothing but interpolate big talk about Ireland into irrelevant subjects and situations and who never meant a word of his big talk; a young man of 31 who had done little and knew less; this was the supplanter of Isaac Butt—this disciple of Michael Davitt, hero of prairie value and no rent and the Kilmainham capitulation; friend and traitor to Capt. O'Shea, and the employer, the idol and the victim of Mr. T. M. Healy. Pauvre, pauvre, pauvre, jeune homme pauvre!"

The book describes Parnell's visit to America as "a high old time." The idea of it was dollars rather than armed expeditions. There was some allusion to Hibernian valor. At Cleveland Parnell said in the course of his speech: "It has given me great pleasure during my visit to the cities of this country to see the armed regiments of Irishmen who have frequently turned out to escort us; and when I saw some of these gallant men to-day, who are even now in this hall [great cheering], I thought that each one of them must wish, with Sarsfield of old when dying upon a foreign battlefield, 'O that I could carry these arms for Ireland!' Well, it may come to that some day." The book gives this extract and briskly adds: "Meantime $5 in the bag if you please! The fondest mother in 'this hall' knew that her valiant boy was as safe under Parnell's banner as in his feather bed. But pass round the bag!"

The Land League and the condition of agriculture in Ireland are considered in the book, but we have discovered no praise of either of them.

The Russian Soul.

In the '70s Paris the impressionable developed a Russian soul. Quick to translate fiction back to life, it became a fashion in spirituelle society to express in a hundred subtle ways the fluctuating, veiled yet passionate and capricious temperament of the serpentine Slav. Not a difficult matter for Paris, which had once listened to the magical tone weavings of Chopin and felt itself Polish; had been the Balzac woman, the woman who revolted after the fashion of George Sand, and was ten years later, after the influence of Turgénieff and Dostoievsky had passed, to assume the rôle of the cerebral Ibsen woman. Daudet, with his peering gaze, noted the advent of the Russian woman, and happily credited to Dickens much of the "Russian pity" which permeated manners, novels and the drama in France.

What is this complex and mystic Russian soul? Strunsky in setting forth the difference between Turgénieff and Gorky says of the Russians that "their naiveté, their emotional exuberance, their inability to recognize the practical or to cling firmly to the ideal for which in moments of stress they may be ready enough to lay down their lives, their overdeveloped power of self-analysis—these qualities find expression in every page of their imaginative literature. Russian men will fight each other one moment and embrace each other the next in Gogol, Turgénieff and Tolstoy, as in Gorky; and according to all our authorities Russians will alternate between Oriental cruelty and a feminine softness of repentance, or will tear their hearts open for their friends to look into and fib outrageously immediately afterward, or will get drunk and beat their servants and then grovel before them in contrition, or will break the moral law repeatedly and take their own lives on an empty scruple. In Turgénieff as in Gorky the good may perish, evil triumph, the ridiculous lord it over the æsthetically fit; but in the end the fundamental difference of the two men overcomes all similarity of theme or major treatment. Turgénieff's heroes, cowards, tyrants, victims, drunkards and clowns for all their eccentricities appear as essentially conditioned by the main facts of life in which they are rooted. With Gorky they seldom lose the impression of primal eccentricity, of the abnormal, the monstrous. Turgénieff's characters are men and women experiencing pain and bliss. In Gorky we have only personified aches and satisfactions."

Let us listen to the greatest spiritual voice of all the Russias, to Fiodor Mikailovitch Dostoievsky. For him the Russian soul had vaster meanings: "And in the long run I am convinced that we, that is to say not we but the future generations of the Russian people, shall every one of us, from the first to the last, understand that to be a real Russian must signify simply this: to strive toward bringing about a solution and an end to European conflicts; to show to Europe a way of escape from its anguish in the Russian soul, which is universal and all embracing; to instil into her a brotherly love for all men's brothers, and in the end perhaps to utter the great and final word of universal harmony, the fraternal and lasting concord of all peoples according to the Gospel of Christ." Dostoievsky died in 1881. Universal peace is still a rainbow lure, the Russian soul has not conquered the globe, and *Hamlet* and Don Quixote compose the larger portion of the Russian soul. Ah, the pathos of the unattained!

In 1834 the critic Biélinski quoted as an epigraph a fellow critic, Senkowski, thus: "Do we possess a literature?" "No, we have nothing but a book trade." This relates to Russia, not America, and is related by Waliszewski. Since then what an array of names, beginning with Pushkin, Gogol, Turgénieff, Dostoievsky, Herzen, Tolstoy, Tchekoff and the minor choir. "Russia Traduced" might be a title for a book about that much vilified, much misunderstood land. In Maurice Baring's newly published "Landmarks of Russian Literature" there is a refreshing absence of the abuse and misinterpretation so often to be found in works dealing with Russia written by foreigners, especially the English and German. That the country is a huge prison, that the average Russian is daily occupied in butchering or being butchered, are common beliefs with most of us. Mr. Baring does not deny sporadic cruelties, but he finds that even the Siberian exiles are better off than the inmates of English prisons. A pretty courageous utterance, this. Russian convicts get fresh air, wine when they have the money, intercourse with their fellow prisoners—dearest of privileges for those otherwise condemned to solitary confinement—and they may learn a trade. "A Russian is freer in prison than an Englishman is at large," said a socialist member of the second Duma, who had spent years in prison. Mr. Baring is not an apologist for Russia, but he has the advantage over many who write of its life and letters of having lived there many years, of speaking and reading the language; also of being devoid of rigid English prejudices. His book, which is not an exhaustive study, is distinctly valuable and interesting. It sheds new light on the Russian soul.

For us the most significant portion of "Landmarks of Russian Literature" is the liberal allotment accorded to the works of Dostoievsky. Mr. Baring notes that with the wane of the popularity of Turgénieff the red star of Dostoievsky has steadily mounted, has even topped the radiance of Tolstoy. This might have been expected. Turgénieff was a cosmopolitan. He was an aristocrat, and he never "went to the people," as did Dostoievsky, or as Tolstoy tried so hard to do (himself an implacable pessimist and aristocrat, and morose after much early dissipation, and as Dmitri Merejkowski has so truthfully declared, "He [Tolstoy] has never loved any man, not even himself"). Furthermore Turgénieff was one of the greatest artists the world has had (Taine places him with the Greeks as a story teller, yet he possessed little thematic invention). He resembles Velasquez as a painter of portraits. Mr. Baring compares him to Tennyson, which is not happy; nor is his comparison of Dostoievsky with Velasquez any better. Dostoievsky and El Greco would have been more apt. Turgénieff's women are charming and lifelike; his men are nearly always second rate *Hamlets*, superfluous men, without volition, though not suffering from such pronounced aboulia as Oblomov in Gontcharov's novel of that name. Young Russia, so Mr. Baring reports, will have no more of Turgénieff's revolutionaries; his famous Nihilist Bazarov in "Fathers and Sons" is abused as much to-day as a caricature as it was by Dostoievsky in his "Devils" ("The Possessed"). As for Roudine, he is considered a poor pale portrait of that extraordinary man Bakunin, who set all European secret police by the ears up to the time of his death in 1876. Waliszewski believes that Beltov in Herzen's "Whose Fault?" is more truthfully representative of the Russian of the '40s than any of the heroes of Turgénieff. Tolstoy never returned the admiration of Turgénieff. Dostoievsky loathed him and caricatured him. Turgénieff was too often absent from Russia. His famous friendship with Madame Pauline Viardot-Garcia began at St. Petersburg in 1845. He went to live near her in Baden-Baden a few years later, and then followed her to Paris, where he dwelt harmoniously in her household until his death in 1883. Decidedly the fiction of Ivan Serguieievitch was too Occidental for the generation succeeding him; yet is he an imperishable classic who will be taken down from the shelf when the time is ripe for his rediscovery. As in the music of Tschaikowsky, there are foreign elements in his work that displease the thick and thin Slavophil. To-day Modeste Moussorgsky is the modern nationalist in Russian music making, but in elemental power Dostoievsky is the peer of all the Russians, not excepting Pushkin, and in the Christlike humility of the man, the electric response to aspiring humans.

Dostoievsky has come into his inheritance. A few years ago we dealt in these columns with Merejkowski's comparative study of Tolstoy and Dostoievsky. For the first time the truth was told—that is in English, as De Vogüé and Emile Hennequin in French had expressed similar views, and years before the Russian critic. This truth concerned Tolstoy. It did not make pleasant reading for the Tolstoyans, but Merejkowski is a thinker of too large a calibre to depreciate Tolstoy for the sake of exalting Dostoievsky. He merely let the English reading world into the secret of Tolstoy's position in his native land and proved Dostoievsky the profounder genius of the two, the man who had suffered and who knew; who was not an artist of the inches of Tolstoy, but never for a moment a glorified dilettante. Dostoievsky did not fear life; he "went to the people," suffered in silence for political offence in Siberia, also suffered from epilepsy, and was a martyr of misfortune, an exile, a gambler, a wholly miserable man. Tolstoy imagined such vicissitudes, but did not experience them. He denies life and its values. Consider the character of the heavily burdened Sonia of Dostoievsky and her ineffectual copy in Tolstoy's "Resurrection"! Nietzsche was only just when he wrote of Dostoievsky: "This profound man, who was ten times right to depreciate the superficial Germans, has perceived that the Siberian convicts were * * * persons carved almost out of the best, the hardest and the most valuable material to be found in Russian dominions." Of that material was Dostoievsky himself carved. He had faced expected death on the scaffold and he lived to tell the world that this terrifying experience, coupled with his imprisonment, was the cause that led to the discovery of his own soul and of the Russian soul. Little wonder Baring quotes some writers as believing that Dostoievsky is one of the greatest writers that ever lived. Certainly few have excelled him in sounding the chords of poignant emotion. Brückner does not hesitate to maintain "that it is not in 'Faust' but rather in 'Crime and Punishment' that the whole grief of mankind takes hold of us"; and it was that very novel that George Moore once described as "Gaboriau with psychological sauce," which epigram he disowned when he wrote an introduction to "Poor Folks" of Dostoievsky.

Mr. Baring leans heavily upon Merejkowski's study; but he is not quite fair to the women in Dostoievsky. Natasia Philipovna in "The Idiot" is something more than a courtesan. She is a marvellous exposition of the Russian feminine soul in ardent decomposition. And Gruschenka in "Brothers Karamasov," though a slighter sketch, is a vital creation, as we may remember after Alla Nazimova's eloquent portrayal of the character when here in company with Orleneff, that actor of genius. It is a pity that the admirable Vitzitelly translations of "Crime and Punishment," "The Possessed," a vivid picture of nihilism, with an adumbration of the Superman, which Nietzsche appreciated; "The Idiot," a masterpiece; "The Gambler," "The Friend of the Family," "Injury and Insult" are no longer in print. The "Brothers Karamasov" has not been translated into English to our knowledge. It is indeed a symphony of good and evil, and in it the real soul of Russia becomes vocal. A symphony that vibrates with the lowly and suffering of mankind is Dostoievsky's. The entire work of this Dante of the North is incomplete, morbid, disgusting, yet in its Inferno the soul is shown naked and unafraid.

As Mr. Baring points out, the Russians were always realists. That is why in an acute study of the plays of Anton Tchekov Mr. Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was described by Professor Melioukov, the dramatic critic, as "a typical middle class English play, and it suffers from the faults inherent to this class of English work, false sentiment and melodrama." "In Russia we take him as a writer and a writer only, who is not absolutely devoid of advanced ideas," which proves that St. Petersburg is less puritanical and provincial than London and more critically discerning.

After Tchekov it has been the deluge. Gorky has come and gone. Leonid Andreef now holds the contemporary stage, though in erotic fiction he is quite eclipsed by Erastov. Semenof's estimate of young Russia is somewhat depressing. Remains Tolstoy! Tolstoy, like Turgénieff, will always remain. But, cries Waliszewski, "the reality is sad enough. Even close around Yasnaia Poliana the wild brambles have almost overgrown the furrow along which the great toiler still drives his plough. The seed he had hoped to see sprouting about him is carried far afield toward the setting sun, to a less barren soil, * * * some fresh phase of her [Russia's] appointed destiny, so full of suffering and of splendor, will some day bring the spirit * * * back to her again." To which we will answer with the Russian: Perhaps, who knows?

MR. CLEVELAND'S KINDNESS.

A Case in Which an Unsolicited Appointment Was Twice Declined.

"Did you ever hear of a political job knocking at a man's door and yelling for him to get up and take it in?" asked a retired Democrat of a friend a few nights ago. "The death of a great merchant in Chicago the other day, I mean Erskine M. Phelps, founder of the Iroquois Club of that city, suggested the inquiry.

"Phelps was a Cleveland man from the beginning to the close of Cleveland's career. The Iroquois Club was composed of the sort of Democrats Cleveland loved. It was the club that suggested Melville Fuller for the place he now holds.

"Soon after Cleveland became President the first time he appointed a young man who had been a clerk in a city hall department of Chicago to a consulate somewhere in Germany. The appointee was suggested to Cleveland by the Iroquois Club. While he was holding his job Mrs. Folsom and her daughter were in Europe, and the young Consul entertained them when they were in his city.

"When Cleveland went back to the White House the second time the former Consul called on Mrs. Cleveland. Notwithstanding Cleveland's announcement that he would not reappoint any of his previous appointees the former Consul was sent back to another and better post. Before getting the appointment he was asked to get the indorsement of prominent Democrats in Chicago. He asked a man whom he had known many years to get a good word from Mr. Phelps.

"The merchant hesitated on the ground that Cleveland had said he would not reappoint any former office holder. The friend told the merchant that the former appointee had met a young woman in Germany who had promised to marry him if he got a reappointment. Mr. Phelps wrote to Cleveland asking him to make an exception in the case of the former appointee provided his first term as Consul had been satisfactory. He also wrote why the young man was anxious to go back, and added that the President must know how a man felt who wanted to get married.

"The letter was shown to Mrs. Cleveland. The former appointee got what he wanted. He afterward got the girl.

"Mr. Phelps told the story to Secretary Gresham, who told it to Chief Justice Fuller. Secretary Gresham then suggested to Mr. Phelps that it would be a nice thing to give the friend of the Consul an appointment abroad, as the friend had some qualifications. Mr. Phelps was glad to agree with the Secretary.

"The matter was brought to the attention of President Cleveland. He fell in with the suggestion. A few nights after the matter had been discussed at the White House a messenger knocked at the door of the interested man. It was at a late hour. The message informed him that he had been appointed Consul to a city in the southern part of the Continent.

He slept no more that night. He had never sought a political appointment for himself and had never dreamed of it. That day he called on his good friend Mr. Phelps, who told him how the appointment had been made. There was no politics in it. There had been no log rolling to secure the appointment.

"Then something else happened that is out of the run of politics. The appointee was called West to attend a dying mother. Affairs connected with the family estate demanded his attention. He declined the offer that had come to him unsolicited.

"To show his appreciation of the tender he went to Washington and handed his resignation, for his commission had been issued, to the President in person. Secretary Gresham accompanied him and explained to the President why an acceptance was impossible at that time.

"It was late in the session of Congress. The President told the young man to take his time in arranging his business and that in the autumn he would send him as Consul-General to St. Petersburg. The President added that he would not send the nomination to the Senate until the next session, but he was certain that it would be confirmed and that the appointee could leave for his post before. This was the second time that opportunity waited on the young man.

"This tender had to be declined in the fall. Several years later, after the second administration of President Cleveland was ended, the ex-President was present at the reception where he shook hands with many old friends. The man whom he had twice appointed was there and in meeting Mr. Cleveland he recalled the honors he had received. Mr. Cleveland said to him:

"'Let me shake your hand again. You are the first man in my political history who twice declined office, and in both instances, as I remember, you were not an applicant.'

"I was present when this was said. They were the last words I ever heard from Mr. Cleveland."

NEWS FOR THE FAR EAST.

Fate of a Skeletonized Cable Despatch at the Hands of Oriental Editors.

VICTORIA, B. C., May 25.—The telegraph editor who toils in the Orient must needs be good at unravelling mysteries. The messages sent by cable in skeletonized form often reach the newspaper offices of the Far East in fearful and wonderful condition, for there are many native operators. Here is an example of history in the making in the Orient.

There came to Shanghai a telegram which read:

Stockholm crownprincess daughter villagers Oekoerito Hungary dancing coachhouse upfitted ballroom fire outbroke rushed exit many clothes burning downtrodden blazing roof collapsed burying scores 250 perished.

The name of a town at the beginning of a telegram usually indicates the source of information. The message thus contained two distinct items of news, to be read as follows:

It is announced from Stockholm that the Crown Princess of Sweden has given birth to a daughter.

The villagers of Oekoerito in Hungary were holding a dance in a coach house that had been fitted up as a ballroom when a fire broke out. The dancers rushed to the exit, many with their clothes burning. Some fell and were trodden underfoot. The blazing roof collapsed, burying scores. In all 250 persons perished.

One Far Eastern telegraph editor did not see the message that way. The journal said:

It is telegraphed from Stockholm that while the Crown Princess of Sweden (Princess Margaret of Connaught) and her daughter were watching the villagers of Oekoerito in Hungary dancing in a coach house which had been fitted up as a ballroom fire broke out. The dancers rushed to the exit, and many with their clothes burning were trodden down in the panic, while the blazing roof collapsed, burying scores. Two hundred and fifty persons perished.

The thing was worse when it reached Manila. From a newspaper published in Manila the following is taken:

SHANGHAI, March 29.—The Crown Prince of Sweden set fire in a town in Austria to a dancing ball, about 250 persons dying in the flames.

Thus history is made for the reader of newspapers in the Orient.